VOL. 53 NO. 1366 DECEMBER 21 1907 PRICE 10 CENTS.

Judge

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER COPYRIGHT 1907 BY JUDGE COMPANY. TITLE REGISTERED AS A TRADE MARK.

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY JUDGE COMPANY PUBLISHERS, 225 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK

"WA-AL, I GUESS THIS IS A PRETTY FULL STOCKIN', AFTER ALL!"

Judge

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. 10 CENTS A COPY.

225 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK. CABLE ADDRESS, "JUDGARK." TEL. 2214 GRAMERCY.

John A. Sleicher, President. F. W. Schneider, Secretary. Arthur Terry, Treasurer.
225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE—*1136-7 Marquette Building. Chicago, Ill.*

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	$5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.25

Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, and in Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, Tutuila, Samoa, and Mexico.
Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal order, *not by local checks, which, under present banking regulations of New York, are at a discount in that city.*
FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.50 a year. Canadian Provinces, $5.50 a year.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International News Company, Bream's building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

The contents of JUDGE are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

CONTRIBUTORS must inclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope with all manuscripts, otherwise return of the latter when found unavailable cannot be guaranteed.

DRAWINGS and all contributions sent to the Art Department should have the sender's full name and address written plainly on each and every separate sketch. The accompanying joke or descriptive letter-press should in every instance be written upon its individual picture, and NOT upon a separate slip of paper. Inclosure of stamps to the full amount of postage is also required, to insure safe and prompt return of material not accepted.

If JUDGE cannot be found at any news-stand, the publishers will be under obligations if that fact be promptly reported on postal-card or by letter.

UNCLE JOE.

MARVELOUS MAN, Cannon. One of our biggest guns. Did we say one of the biggest? Certainly there has been no one like him in all the annals of the land. No one knows how old he is. White-haired men recall that sixty years ago he looked just as young as he does now. For *Congressional Record* purposes, 1836, or some such date, has been mentioned as his birthyear, and the statement has been allowed to crystallize into a tradition. Yet oldest inhabitants recall that their grandfathers told them that their grandfathers had voted for Uncle Joe for Congress. Where was he born? Nobody knows. Seventy years ago or more he appeared somewhere in North Carolina. Danville, Illinois, claims to be his home, where he dwells after the manner of other mortals; for it was ever his humor to assume to a certain extent the ways and customs of the time. Yet who knows what affairs of state may have taken form and found direction in his brain during earlier centuries, when royal toga or symbolistic garment draped his form? Even as the Wandering Jew gained greater perspective as century succeeded century, finding himself at last wholly undisturbed by the petty annoyances of human life, looking on panics, changes of administration, wars, pestilences as mere ripples on the sea of humanity, seeing beneath them the steady rise and fall of the fundamental tide, so Uncle Joe stands like a gray and genial rock, sun-warmed and storm-swept, watching with a quiet smile the perturbations of this generation. "They are but mortal," says Uncle Joe. "This little problem or that seems very big to them, measured by their little foot-rules; but I size it up with a yard-stick of experience that they wot not of. In other words, I stand pat." Constitutions may hamper the President, more or less; czars suffer restraint through fear of sudden death. None of these things troubles Uncle Joe. The House Rules are his only boundary of conduct, and they are his to interpret. So, though little members howl and gnash their teeth, and though foolhardy ones may for a time kick against the pricks, yet, when Christmas time comes, with one accord they unite to present him with the symbol of power—he, the undying, the omniscient, the omnipotent. Are there others? Not for a minute!

"HE HEARS THOSE ANGEL VOICES CALLING, UN-CLE JOE."

* * *

A SCIENTIFIC SUGGESTION.

SEISMOGRAPHS in various parts of the world have been recording slight quakings and tremors of the earth's surface. The scientists who guard those instruments should compare the time of these phenomena with the dates of Secretary's Taft's various landings.

* * *

ITEM—Benevolent funds have been hardest hit by the financial stringency. If you have felt the hard times, all the more reason for remembering the claims of charity.

ARE WE A FREE PEOPLE?

NEW YORK CITY is facing the problem of a "closed" Sunday. Supreme Court Justice O'Gorman declared a week or so ago that the theatres and places of public amusement must be closed on that day. This presents a pretty problem when viewed from without the circle of greatest turmoil. There is something to be said on both sides of this Sunday question. JUDGE believes in a day of rest. It is not merely a religious question. How such an institution can best be established and protected, resulting in the greatest good to the greatest number, is an unsolved problem now, and probably will be so long as we live together in communities. We are free individuals only in so far as we avoid treading on one another's toes. Various of our commonwealths have passed prohibitory laws by substantial majorities, curtailing the freedom of thousands of temperate citizens. Yet the majority in those states believed such laws to be for the best, and the majority rules. In New York City, for a time at least, Sunday concerts will be prohibited, while the law against the open saloon is only partially enforced. Certain church dignitaries have protested that the closed door to the Sunday concert will force the saloon side-door wider open. Others who protest claim that a day of rest is no less a day of rest for the opportunity of being amused or of hearing good music. Supporters of the Sunday laws, even while admitting the truth of the latter argument, protest that if the institution of the Sabbath is to be undermined inch by inch it will eventually altogether collapse. This is a free country, but free to the majority, not to the individual. JUDGE predicts that a broader construction of the Sunday Laws will eventually prevail in New York City, though it will be sorry to see a total destruction of that time-honored American institution—a day in the week when everyone shall have full opportunity to rest.

* * *

TO W. J. B.

'TIS not an "issue" that you need—
Tariff, or trusts, or dollar—
But just some cheap device to make
Men vote the way they holler!

* * *

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

JUDGE has already, in an elaborate Christmas number, wished you all the happiness possible at this glad season. But it does no harm to repeat the wish. It does us good to wish it, and we hope that it does you good to hear it. The little amenities of life are very important, after all. Too often do folk forget the little courtesies, the simple expressions of friendliness. If Christmas serves to remind us of them, it is a pity there are not 366 Christmases in a year.

* * *

ITEM—Don't give someone a present this year only because he or she gave you something last year. Give only such gifts as you enjoy giving, and to those who will, you think, enjoy receiving.

Christmas is coming! So is an exciting presidential campaign. A subscription to JUDGE—*jovial old* JUDGE—*would make a splendid present. A year of brilliant political cartoons—a year of keen,* **clean** *humor, with something every week for the children, bless 'em!*

HER UNDERSTANDING OF IT.

"Marie, don't order any fish for dinner, after all. Mr. Benham has just telephoned me that the market is very strong to-day."

HIS TRAGIC CHRISTMAS.

ALTHOUGH the Christmas tide is here,
And hearts with joy are thrilled,
He sheds a salt, self-pitying tear,
His heart with pain is filled.

The news has come to him to-day
(Could there be worse mishap?)
His fiancée has run away
To wed another chap!

But there is more to hurt his pride
And make him feel a cur—
The knowledge that *last* Christmas-tide
He bought a ring for her!

A diamond ring—oh, luckless man!—
That cost two hundred net.
'Twas bought on "easy-payments" plan—
He's paying for it yet! WALTER PULITZER.

FOOLOSOPHY.

A WATCHED pot sometimes boils over.

A woman is always a woman, but a cigar is often rope.

Some of us would be glad to be walled in on Wall Street.

The only men who lose their credit are those who never had any.

Most of our smiles are empty because the world is full of trouble.

When money comes in at the door love goes over to see the neighbors.

If angels have wings some of us will need our air-ships buried with us.

The man who hates his paymaster worst is the man who works for himself.

Didst ever see a man who could look intelligent whilst shaving his upper lip?

Did you ever notice how few men there are who will sneak up quietly behind your back and put money in your pocket? ROBERT CARLTON BROWN.

ON HER DIGNITY.

Mr. Tambo—"Is yo' gwine ter hang up any mistletoe dis Cris'mus?"

Miss Sambo—"'Deed I isn'. I's got a little too much pride ter advertise fo' de ordinary co'tesies dat a lady hab a right ter expec'."

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST.

MRS. GUNSON was entertaining a visitor when Nora appeared at the door of the drawing-room.

"Plaise, mum, will yez tell me phat yez want done wid th' oyster-shells yez left from lunch?" she inquired.

"I want them thrown away, of course," replied Mrs. Gunson.

"Yis, mum; but Oi didn't know phere to throw thim," replied Nora. "Do they be ashes or jarbridge?"

SUGGESTIONS FOR BANKING CONCERNS WHICH HAVE LOST CASTE TO RE-ENTER THE RING IN AN UP-TO-DATE WAY.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD IN "THE TOP O' TH' WORLD."

Oh, fair Kathleen, my mavourneen,
Don't treat my praise with scorning!
To the top of the world my heart is whirled,
Where I wish you the "top o' th' mornin'."

YOUR PRESENT.

IF you wanted a girl
Would the gift of a curl
Suffice for your passion so great?
If you wanted a wife
Would a pin or a knife
Quite satisfy you with your fate?

If a girl wants a beau
Will a candy or so
Content her fond heart with its lot?
If she's anxious to wed
Will your picture instead
Just quite fill the bill? We think not!

When Christmas shall come
Do not be so dumb—
Just listen to this little trick:
Go boldly and "pop,"
Kiss her, too, then don't stop,
But give her a wedding-ring, quick.

LURANA W. SHELDON.

ANOTHER VERSION.

AS THEY neared the land the whale began to wail bitterly.

"What are you blubbering for?" called Jonah from the cabi.

"Boo-hoo! You've Jonahed the trip, and I'll have to cough up the missing profit."

A VERY MODERN CHILD.

FATHER—"Tommy, what do you want for Christmas this year?"
TOMMY—"I'm going to ask Santa Claus to give me a divorce, 'cause Jane and I have quarreled so much lately."

MORE CLEAR THAN CORRECT.

"I CAL'LATE the United States language is a sight better'n any of them furrin' talks," observed Mr. Crimmins as he laid down his newspaper and began to polish his spectacles with the corner of the felt table-cover, in the happy consciousness that his wife could not see out of the back of her head; "but"——

"What be you drivin' at?" irritably inquired Mrs. Crimmins in a withering tone, turning in her chair, while for one alarming moment the spectacles, only half rubbed, sat upside-down on Mr. Crimmins's long, thin nose.

"Jest this," the old fellow said as the moment had passed and he could once more rub in safety; "jest this. You hear folks speak of a nose sniffin', maybe, and a mouth twitchin' or tremblin'; but so fur as I've ever heard those things is mostly done right to home, where those features lay and is situated, so to speak. But when it comes to eyes—or, for that matter, *one* eye is about all that's gin'rally mentioned—seems as if there wa'n't no end to the things folks 'd make it do.

"Now, here in this paper I've been readin' it speaks of one feller's eye as 'wanderin' over a court-room.' Them's the very identical words. And then ag'in it says, 'His eye fell on the book before him.' Now, anybody with a grain of sense knows his eye didn't do no sech thing. It stayed right in its socket. I've heard tell of folks that had piercin' eyes and dreamin' eyes, and eyes that roved and roamed and cavorted round gin'rally, and what, I say, what is the use of sayin' sech"——

Mrs. Crimmins whisked her chair suddenly around and caught her husband giving the final polish to his spectacles.

"You may not be able to figger out all the whys and wherefores," said she in an ominous voice; "but when I make mention to you that *my* eye is clapped right onter you and your doin's with my table-cover, I reckon you know what them words mean!"

NOT THAT KIND.

"Don't lose your head, pop."
"It ain't my head the skates are on."

GIVE AND TAKE.

Lawyer (examining juror)—"Do you understand the difference between character and reputation?"

Juror—"Reputation is the name your neighbors give you; character is the one they take from you."

THE ENGAGED ONES.

"We need look no farther, dearest. Can you imagine a sweller tree than this one in which to build our nest in the spring?"

THEIR COMPROMISE.

ONE evening in the twilight dim
We talked of presents, Bess and I.
"What gift shall I give you," cried Bess,
"A pair of gloves, or just a tie?"

Although her eyes were flashing fun,
Quite seriously I whispered low,
"If you would make me happy, dear,
Just give me you—and mistletoe."

"We'll compromise on gifts," cried Bess;
"Let me suggest the thing to do.
You just present yourself to me,
And I'll present myself to you."

FERRINE LAMBERT.

FROM SUNSHINE LAND.

THE Santa Claus in the picture-books
Has a countenance jolly and red.
No doubt you think from his wintry looks,
As he drives his reindeer sled,
That he comes from a cold and icy shore
To visit the children, rich and poor.
And I don't suppose you'll understand
If I tell you he comes from Sunshine Land.

But here is the secret—a simple thing—
It will make you smile when you know,
He comes from a land of eternal spring,
Where a million blossoms blow.
Where all is happiness and delight,
Where all is crowned with immortal light;
A country which lies quite close at hand—
From the garden fields of Sunshine Land.

'Tis there he gathers each year the toys
That you see on your Christmas-trees
For all the good children, the girls and boys,
Whom he thinks it best to please;
And though he looks aged and gray, I'm told
His heart is as young as it was of old,
For he comes from the Sunshine Land above,
A saint of mercy—a saint of love!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

WHAT BROKE HIM.

HIGGINS had acquired a habit that he found hard to break. It came from desk-work in an office where there was little to do and none too much to pay. He had torn a piece of paper from a tab and rolled and unrolled it between the thumb and forefinger for so many years that he found it hard to think without this accompaniment. Try as he would, he could not break himself of the habit, and finally gave up in despair.

One day, while on the street, a weighty matter kept troubling him, but he found it impossible to think clearly. Unconsciously putting his fingers into his vest-pocket, they came in contact with a ten-dollar bill. It was all the money he had left from the last month's salary. Taking out the bill, he rolled and unrolled it while thinking out the problem. At the conclusion he carelessly tore the bill into bits, as he had always disposed of his roll of paper, and tossed them into the gutter. And that broke him.

I. BRADLEY VANDAWORKER.

SAID IN PASSING.

"SPEAK about sloppiness in women! there's a first-class example across the street," grunted the woman-hater, pointing to a woman passing opposite them. "See how she holds one side of her skirts up above her knees and lets the other drag along in the mud. That's a sloppy woman, that is!"

"I'll speak to her about it," quietly annexed his companion.

"Eh! You know her?"

"Yes. She's my wife."

FISH DAY.

MAMIE—"Why is your mother going to take us to the Aquarium instead of to the Zoo, as she promised?"
ETHEL—"Because it's Friday, stupid!"

A CLOSE CALL.

"HOW many buckets of water in the sea?" thundered the king for the final question.

"Two, my lord," answered the trembling peasant, "if the buckets be big enough."

"By the pawn-check on my crown, thou hast saved thy miserable life with thy ready answers!" mused the king. "But now I wish I had asked thee why the huge vases of red-and-blue liquors in the drug-store windows."

Realizing how close he had been to death, the peasant stammered his thanks and fled from the castle.

GOOD UNDERSTANDING.

SISTER'S BEAU—"With your little feet, I'm afraid Santa Claus won't be able to get much into your stocking."
MABEL—"I've thought of that, and I was just wishing you'd lend me one of yours."

SOME UNWRITTEN LETTERS.

FROM WILLIE.

DEAR Auntie Jane: Ma says I've got
To write and thank you now for what
You sent me—that old handkerchief!
But, darn it all! I'd just as lief
Have not had nothin'! Ain't no fun
In handkerchiefs! I'd like a gun.

FROM ALICIA.

Dear Mr. Spoons: I write in haste
To say your gift showed wretched taste.
Of course I must enthuse, et cet.,
Because you may be useful yet.
But have you neither ears nor eyes,
To send a thing that I despise?

FROM PASTOR.

Dear Brethren, Sisters: I'm aware
That is a very handsome chair.
My thanks are due you, I suppose,
For such a gift—but goodness knows
I rather more content would be
Had you but paid my salary!

EDWIN L. SABIN.

THE missing link has been discovered—under the bureau.

AN EGYPTIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL.

TAKING THE PART WELL.

OLD style—"Whoa, Donner und Blitzen!" called Kris Kringle to his reindeer as he approached the house.

New style—"Oh, Thunder and Lightning!" gritted the modern Santa Claus through cotton whiskers as he stumbled over a barrel-hoop in the back yard. And he wasn't talking to his reindeer, either.

SAME OLD JOKE.

Weary William Rhoades—"Say, Happy, wot's de difference between us an' new fall cider?"

Happy Harry—"Search me."

Weary William Rhoades—"Dey don't have ter put no acid in us ter keep us frum workin'."

At which the dry hay in the mow burst into a furious flame.

PROMPTLY PROVEN.

She—"Men and women can't be judged by the same standards. For instance, a man is known by the company he keeps."

He—"And a woman by the servants she can't keep."

AS TO TOES.

OH, goodness knows
There's toes and toes!
There's pinky toes on baby's feet,
And mistletoes are very sweet.
The last I tried on yesternight
When Gladys stood there 'neath the light,
And as the smack resounded through
The house, oh, moment fraught with rue!
I found to my complete surprise
Her father had a toe likewise.

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

SHOPPING FOR CHRISTMAS.

THIS shopping for Christmas is dreadful!
One doesn't know where to begin
(Though I boasted ideas a headful),
With salespeople ugly as sin.

One doesn't know where to begin—
And here I've forgotten my glasses!
With salespeople ugly as sin,
Or green as proverbial grass is.

And here I've forgotten my glasses!
I look very passé, no doubt,
Or green as proverbial grass is—
But let them watch what they're about!

I look very passé, no doubt!
I wish I'd brought Bob, though he higgles!
But let them watch what they're about!
I won't stand their sauce nor their giggles.

I wish I'd brought Bob. Though he higgles,
He has most adorable taste.
I won't *stand* their sauce nor their giggles—
That brooch would just set off my waist!

He has most adorable taste——
What a crush! And no corner to rest in!
That brooch would just set off my waist—
The one with the point d'esprit vest in.

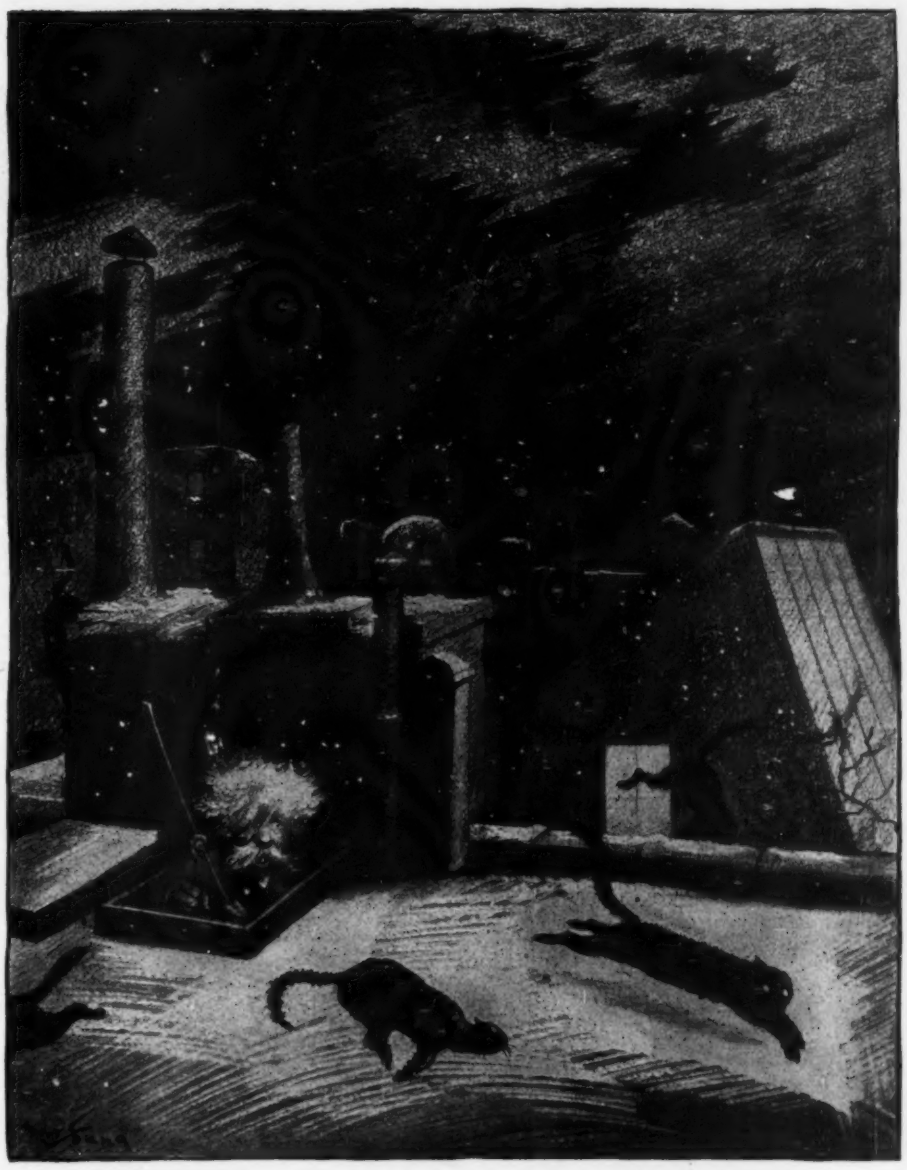
What a crush! And no corner to rest in!
You may be very glad you're a man—
The one with the point d'esprit vest in,
You know, and revers of white panne.

You may be very *glad* you're a man!
Silk gloves! Special sale! No one needs them,
You *know!* And revers of white panne!
Blank's poems! Marked down! No one reads them.

Silk gloves. *Special sale.* No one needs them.
Noon already? And nothing to show!
Blank's poems marked down! (No one reads them!)
Matinée? Why, of course I will go.

Noon already and nothing to show,
Though I boasted ideas a headful.
Matinée! Why, *of course* I will go!
This shopping for Christmas is dreadful!

EDWARD W. BARNARD.



THE TRIUMPH OF CLASSIC OVER COMMON MUSIC.

MR. T. CAT (*as disturbed musician appears on scene*)—"Well, wouldn't that jolt a saint—a jack-in-the-box for ours!"

HAD IT DOWN FINE.

THE housewife was showing her new chambermaid through the upstairs, when finally they came to a staircase leading down into the rear yard.

"Mary," said she, stepping out on the landing, "whenever you wish to pass down to the back yard go down this way."

Just then the speaker slipped and was precipitated with a great clattering to the bottom.

"Are yez hurt, mum?" cried the affrighted chambermaid, staring down from above.

"No; it's nothing," came the return as the disheveled mistress rose to her feet, in proof.

"Thin ye've got it down foine, mum; but th' job's too shtrenuous fer me."

LOGIC.

JIM—"Say, Mame, wot's de reason everybody don't git a present when dere's so many Santy Clauses?"

IN 1920.

Hubby—"This pie, my love, is just the kind that mother used to buy at her bakery."

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE TOYS.

MRS. STILES VAN BROCKLIN, whose time was divided among her twelve women's clubs and away from her children, took an off-day, at Christmas, to visit a toy-shop in the interest of her six offspring. Loaded down with her gaudy purchases, she had reached her front yard, where the children were making a snow-man, when an elegant equipage jingled up to the curb and stopped.

"Oh, Mrs. van Brocklin!" cried a lady from the coach, "come with me to the Social Problem meeting."

Exclaiming that she had forgotten all about this meeting, the mother quickly approached the oldest of the children about the snow-man and pressed the toy packages in his arm.

"Take these inside and distribute them among your brothers and sisters," she said; and the next moment she was whisked away in the friend's coach.

That night, when she returned home, she was struck by the surly and tear-stained faces of her children.

"Put the dears right to bed," she ordered the nurse, taking in the situation with the quickness and accuracy of the average club-woman. "I can see they're tired out and sleepy after so much excitement with their new toys."

"It ain't that, ma'am," returned nurse. "You"——

"I didn't bring them just what each wanted, perhaps? Well, it's hard to please so many"——

"It ain't that, either, mum; but you gave all the toys to the boy next door!"

SOMETHING WRONG.

THE little girl had gotten up very early in the morning for the first time.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, returning from the window, "the sun 's comin' out all right, but God 's forgotten to turn off the moon."

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY JUDGE COMPANY PUBLISHERS, 275 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

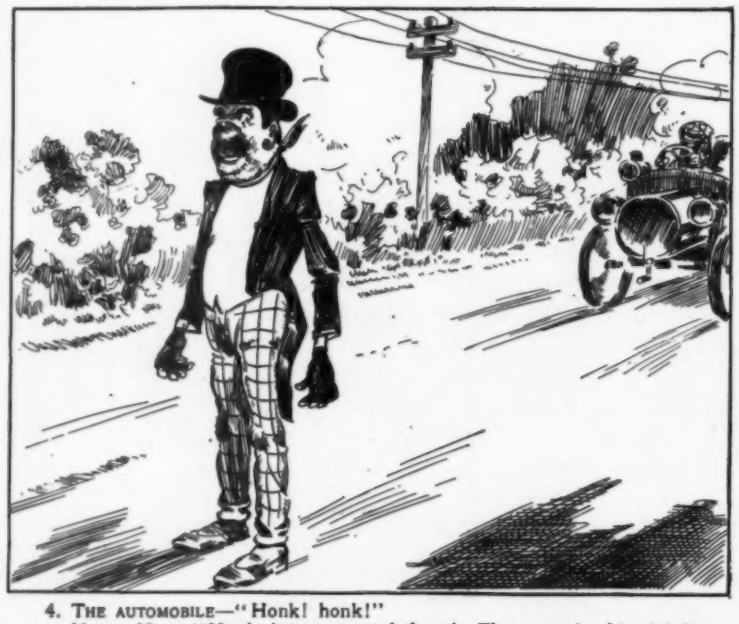
SANTA CLAUS'S DILEMMA—SO MANY EMPTY STOC

STOCKINGS AND ONLY ONE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

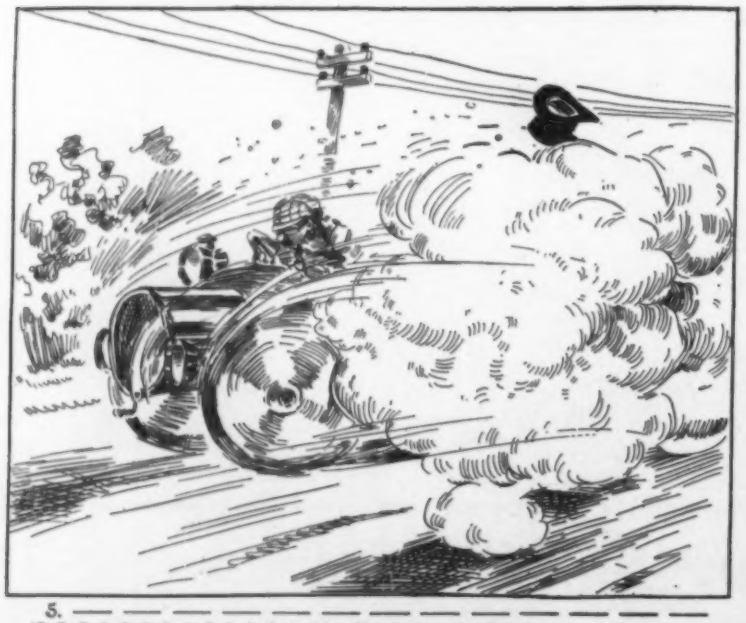
1. NERVY NAT—"I believe some rhymester once said, 'What is so rare as a day in June?' But a fine, cool December morning like this has it backed off the calendar. Nothing like it for pedestrianism. I'm getting a 6 x 8 appetite for the next handout."
THE GOOSE—"Honk!"

2. NERVY NAT—"Geerusalem! these cussed automobiles are beyond endurance. One is not safe from them on a lonely country highway, it"——

3. NERVY NAT—"Well, I'll be! Look what frightened me into palpitation of the heart! Oh, very well, you paté-de-foi-gras factory! Just wait until I brush off my lid and I'll show you something."



4. THE AUTOMOBILE—"Honk! honk!"
NERVY NAT—"Ha, ha! two more of them! The geese in this vicinity must be holding a honkfest. I'll just remain passive, and in a few seconds I'll have a half-nelson around one of their swan-like necks. I always was fond of roast goose."



5. ——————————————————
OOOOOOOOOOOOOO! Chug, chug! Zing!

6. NERVY NAT—"Earthquakes are terrible things—so unexpected, so sudden! I guess this one lays over the 'Frisco shake about a mile and two-thirds. What's this I hear coming over the wire—amalgamated tea-lead has gone up 164 feet and three yards? Lovely! 'Tis a bum automobile that blows nobody good."

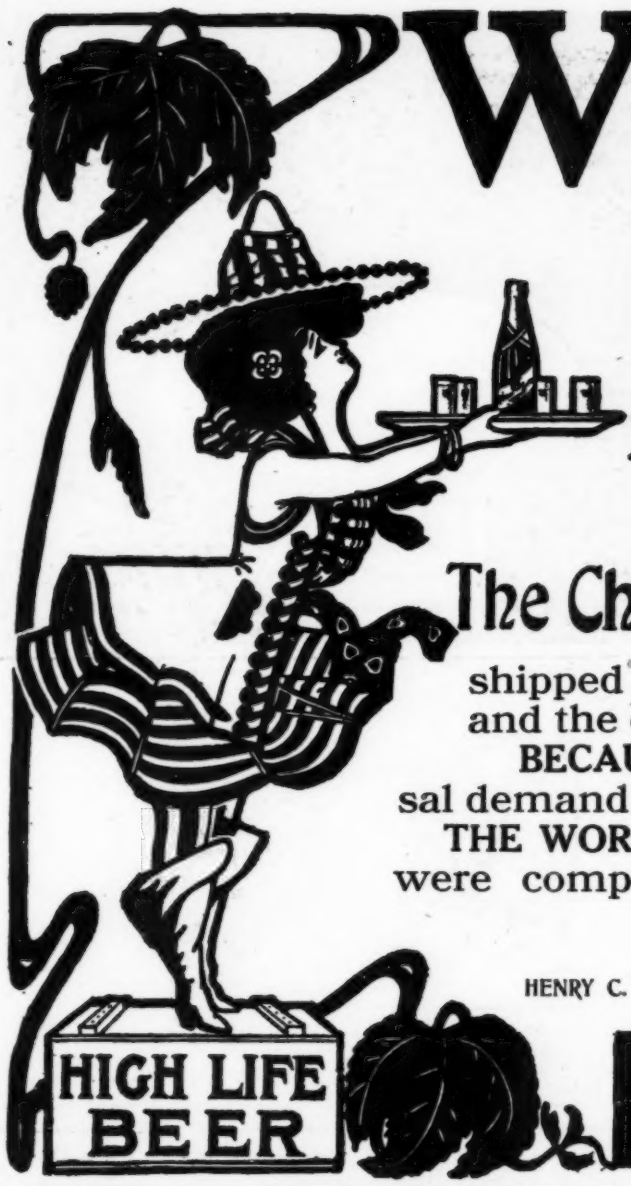
NO. 29.—NERVY NAT ALMOST HAS A GOOSE FOR DINNER.

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 225 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK.

NOTE.—The First Series of Nervy Nat's Adventures is now ready, handsomely bound, in book-form. Price, 75 cents; 10 cents additional for postage when ordered by mail. Address JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WHY IS Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle BEER



shipped to the PHILIPPINES, EGYPT, INDIA and the ends of civilization ?

BECAUSE HIGH LIFE satisfies the universal demand for a PERFECT BEER.

THE WORLD ASKS FOR IT. That's why we were compelled to increase our capacity to

One Million Barrels

HENRY C. BOTJER, Distributor, 353 Broadway, Long Island City, New York.

MILWAUKEE

WELL CLASSIFIED.

Prison-warden—"We try to give every inmate work with which he is familiar. What's your trade?"

New prisoner—"I'm a professional pedestrian."—*New York Tribune.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

OR IN OTHER WORDS.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and a number of clergy were adjourning for luncheon after an ecclesiastical function, when a canon remarked unctuously, "Now to put a bridle on our appetites."

"Say, rather," retorted his grace, "to put a bit between our teeth."—*Ex.*

Abbott's B'tters braces the nerves and is a great strengthener. At druggists'.

A REAL TASK.

The wife of the American minister at The Hague recently asked Mr. Nelidoff, the Russian president of the peace conference, to write something in her album. His sentiment was touched with feeling. "It is easier," he wrote, "to make peace with one enemy than forty-seven neutrals."—*Exchange.*

EXILED.

"What made you send Bliggins to Congress?"

"Well," answered Farmer Corntassel, "he would insist on wearin' a high hat an' a Prince Albert coat on week-days, an' we jes' naturally got tired o' seein' him around."—*Washington Star.*

IN VAUDEVILLE.

"Dey say dat meat iss going down."

"Sure. I put some down myselluf."

"No, no. Dey are going to give de price-list a few chops."

"Vell, it's stew high, aindt it?"

"Truly, iss it. I never sausage prices."

"It makes me vant to gif my butcher a roast."

"Me, too.. Good-py. I hope ve soon meat again."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE PATIENT'S CHANCE.

"So your doctors disagreed? It's a wonder you got well."

"Not a bit of it. They were so busy quarreling that they both let me alone."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Most any girl is attractive to men unless she knows enough to be able to earn her own living.—*New York Press.*

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

Caller—"I wish to announce the engagement of Miss Vera Smartun. I don't know just what the proper form is, but she's quite particular about having it done right. Perhaps you will be kind enough to"——

Editor—"Certainly, ma'am. Simpson, how have we been in the habit of running Miss Smartun's engagement notices?"—*Daily Tribune.*

DRUG-STORE BALLAD.

Oft Tiddledy goes to the drug-store,
For a glass of soda, methinks;
But they say the clerk adds something more
Whenever Tiddledy winks.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

FORETELLING THE WEATHER.

Place twelve onions in a row on Christmas day; name each after a month and put salt on their tops. Those on which the salt is melted inside of twelve days will be wet months, according to Long Island weather science.—*Potter County Journal.*

Many a toothless person indulges in biting sarcasm.—*Ex.*

GOOD REASON WHY.

"That horse, sir, can't be bought for one thousand dollars."

"No; I suppose not. I'm blamed sure he can't be sold for it."—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

"Did you hear about the defacement of Skinner's tombstone?"

"No. What was it?"

"Someone added the word 'friend' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"'He did his best.'"—*The Review.*

THE PITY OF IT.

Amateur sportsman (after shooting his best friend)—"Too bad, too bad; but I thought you were a deer."

The victim—"Don't fret."

Amateur sportsman—"Don't fret! Why, man, I promised my wife a pair of horns."—*Illustrated Bits.*

FORCE OF HABIT.

Actor—"You ran over me. I shall sue you for damages. Can you give me an advance on account?"—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

Williams' Shaving Soap

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Is a combination of skill and honesty. It was best sixty-five years ago and is best to-day. May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

THE FINE QUALITY AND PURITY OF

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

AND ITS RICH, MELLOW TONE MAKE IT THE PREFERRED WHISKEY OF THOSE WHO

KNOW THE BEST
LIKE THE BEST
BUY THE BEST

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Where a widow is so much smarter than anybody else is to pretend she isn't.

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110-112 W. 26th St., N. Y.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED
No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. G, American Express Building, Chicago.

For KIDNEY TROUBLES and CATARRH of the BLADDER.
SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY
Relieves all Discharges in 24 HOURS
Each capsule bears the name MIDY
Beware of counterfeits.
Sold by all druggists.

BLOOD POISON
FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS
we have made the cure of Blood Poison a specialty. Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.
COOK REMEDY CO.
1440 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

A NEW SORT OF DRINK.

The leading lady of a road company playing in one of the smaller cities in Ohio concluded that she would press some of her lace collars one morning. She accordingly rang the bell, and when the hall-boy appeared said, "Bring me a hot iron."

In course of time he returned, empty-handed, and said, "I couldn't get it for you, lady."

"And why not?" she asked, mystified.

"The bar-tender said he didn't know how to mix it."—*Exchange.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the mother's standby because it cures the dreadful croup and whooping cough. 25c.

UP TO DATE.

Constable—"Come along; you've got to have a bath."

Tramp—"A bart! What, wiv water?"

Constable—"Yes; of course."

Tramp—"Couldn't you manage it wiv one o' them vacuum cleaners?"—*Tit-Bits.*

WITH THEIR CONNIVANCE.

Eloper (in loud whisper)—"Are you sure the rope ladder is firmly attached?"

Eloperess—"Oh, yes; I won't fall. Papa and mamma are at the top, holding it!"—*Cleveland Leader.*

A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages—Abbott's Bitters.

AND WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Southerner—"After all, the Civil War was fought over a very small matter."

Northerner—"How's that? It involved the Union itself."

Southerner—"No; just a little matter of spelling. The point involved was whether we should say the United States of America or the Untied States of America."—*Lippincott's.*

The tone of the Sohmer Piano is particularly distinguished on account of its volume and purity, its richness and singing quality, and its sympathetic character throughout the entire scale.

A TROUBLESOME POINT.

"Part my hair in the middle, please."

"Yes, sir; but there's an odd one, sir. What had I better do with that?"—*London Globe.*

If you drink champagne because it's good,
You're sure to drink the "Brotherhood."
But if you drink it for a bluff,
Then imported is good enough.
The wine says the rest.

BROTHERHOOD CHAMPAGNE is made from grapes grown in the oldest vineyard in America, situated at Washingtonville, Orange County, N. Y.

An Oshkosh man pawned his glass eye for a drink. After having the drink he could see double with the good one.—*Eau Claire Leader.*

By James Montgomery Flagg.

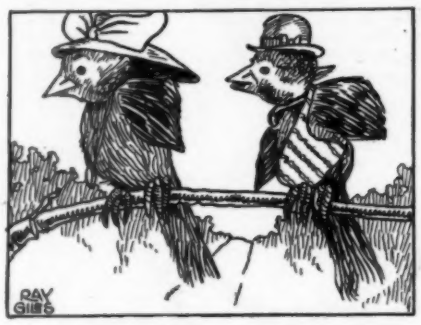
Copyright, 1907, Judge Co.

"GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT."

The hard and fast law of nature, "You can't eat your cake and have it too," is probably all that saves her.

Photogravure in sepia, 15 x 19.
One Dollar.

PICTURE DEPT., JUDGE CO., 225 Fourth Ave., New York



"Go away, Herbert; you've been dining in that farmer's onion-patch again."

DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT OWNING YOUR OWN HOME?

IF YOU are thinking about Building a House an investment of $1.00 now will save you hundreds of dollars in building a house, by getting the latest and most practical ideas of the noted and capable architect, Mr. George Palliser. We therefore desire to call your special attention to our new book just issued and containing over

ONE HUNDRED UP-TO-DATE HOUSE PLANS

THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK IS

GEORGE PALLISER'S MODERN BUILDINGS

A new up-to-date book, containing over one hundred plans (all new) of houses ranging in cost from $500 to $20,000; also plans of Public Library Buildings, Summer Hotels, Stables, Public Halls, etc., etc.

This book is a collection of practical designs showing examples of houses recently built, and invaluable to everyone thinking of building, by reason of their having been, with very few exceptions, planned in the ordinary course of a busy architect's practice during the last few years, and built in various parts of the country within the prices given.

Full description accompanies each plate, giving sizes, height of stories, how built and finished, and improvements contained, thus giving information of very great value to everyone contemplating building, as the plans and designs embody the best thought and most careful study of those erecting them, giving real results as to cost and a guide that is safe to follow. These designs and plans have, therefore, a value that can be fully appreciated for their practical utility, and stand alone as real examples of how some people's homes are planned and what they cost.

To those wanting homes or selling home-sites, members of building associations, land companies, real-estate men, those having land to improve, carpenters and builders, and everyone interested or who ever hopes to own a home, these designs are invaluable and will prove of very great value to them. It contains 115 large pages, size 11 x 14 inches. Price, bound in heavy paper cover, sent by mail, postpaid, $1.00. Bound in cloth, $2.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders with remittances to

JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York
Remit by money order or check—don't send currency.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Glimpses of Ourselves, Socially and Politically, through the Humorous Papers of Other Lands.

A cartoonist of the *Meggendorfer Blätter* (Munich) is impressed by the "up-to-dateness" of Americans, even in the marriage ceremony. *Le Rire* (Paris) portrays the views of a poor French peasant on the American panic. British *Punch* comments on Roosevelt's policies.

"Well, where is the bridegroom?"
"He is in America at present. But he has sent his 'I will' over here on a phonograph record, so that the ceremony may be consummated."

—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

"The Bank of France is sending three hundred millions in gold to the Americans. Well, I am very glad for the poor devils!"

—*Le Rire*

THE SOAP-AND-WATER CURE.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—"As I recently remarked at Nashville, Tennessee, 'During the next sixteen months of my term of office this policy shall be persevered in unswervingly!'"
AMERICAN EAGLE—"Je-hoshaphat!" —*Punch.*

Is that for me?

What better Christmas gift for the man of the house? or the woman who shoots? or the boy or girl old enough to learn the use of firearms? Handsome and useful and perfectly safe from accidental discharge—if it's an

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

Until you pull the trigger it cannot shoot. Throw it down, let it drop, kick it around, and it won't go off, even if you

Hammer the Hammer

Safety feature a part of the firing mechanism—no buttons to press, no lever to pull. Straight-shooting, hard-hitting, simple and strong, can't get out of order. Many imitations but none as good.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver Richly nickeled, 3-inch barrel, 22 rim-fire, 32 center-fire, or 3¼ inch 38 center-fire cartridge..... **$6**

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Richly nickeled, 3-inch barrel, 32 center fire, or 3¼ inch 38 center-fire cartridge..... **$7**

Hammer the Hammer — Accidental Discharge Impossible

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
153 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street.
San Francisco: Phil B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.
Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.
London, England: 13 Cullum Street, E.C.

Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles

Look for the owl's head on the grip.

Special to Pipe Smokers

Will you invest a dollar in the best smoking tobacco ever blended?

The outgrowth of over one hundred years' experience in preparing smoking tobaccos is our new brand "Orchid." It is so different from any tobacco that you can buy from the usual dealer that we want to introduce it in a special way to smokers of discriminating tastes.

Orchid SMOKING TOBACCO

retails at $3 a pound. It's as high in quality as any tobacco that can be bought. To bring it to the attention of men who will appreciate its fine flavor and bouquet, we will fill direct orders at the *special price of $1.00 per half-pound.*

In consideration of this special price we ask only that in ordering you mention the name of the dealer you usually patronize. We are seeking smokers who *know* good tobacco and at this introductory price our offer is an unusual tobacco bargain.

Write to-day—accompanying your order with cash, check or money order, and you will receive by return mail a full half-pound of the best tobacco you ever smoked. Address

FRISHMUTH BRO. & CO.,
18th St. and Lehigh Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Oldest Independent Tobacco Manufacturers in the Country.

SUPREME QUALITY.

He has wit and has wisdom,
As all may observe—
But what makes him great is
Unparalleled nerve.
—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

HOLIDAY GIFTS **Diamonds** on credit

For Holiday Gifts use the Loftis System. It enables you to make beautiful and valuable gifts without the outlay of much money. Whatever you select from our handsome Holiday catalog, we send, with all express charges paid, for your inspection. If satisfied, pay 1-5 on delivery; balance in 8 monthly payments. Write for Special Holiday Catalog Today.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Old Reliable, Original Diamond and Watch Credit House. Dept. P 40, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

POST-CARDS: 28 Art and Bathing Girl Pictures, 10 cts. Box 47, Olneyville, R. I.

"MEN OF BRAINS"
PAY THE PRICE FOR
Cortez
and do not waste their cigar money in experiments

ADDED YEARS.

Young wife—"To-morrow will be my birthday, dear."

Young husband—"You'll be twenty-one."

Young wife—"No; twenty-five."

Young husband—"Why, a year ago, just before our wedding, you told me you were only twenty."

Young wife—"Yes; but I have aged rapidly since our marriage."—*Exchange.*

A FITTING FINALE TO A GOOD DINNER

A FITTING FINALE TO A GOOD DINNER

LIQUEUR

Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Peres Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

NOT A PRUDENT CHOICE.

Maiden aunt—"I hope my dear nephew is going to marry a careful and prudent young woman."

Anxious parent—"I am afraid not."

Maiden aunt—"What makes you fear she is not?"

Anxious parent—"Because she has made arrangements as soon as they are married to give up her job."—*Baltimore American.*

"Yes, I said
COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE
It is not only the best American champagne, but the best champagne"

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 82, 84, and 86 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

DISCRIMINATING FRITZ.
"Mother, will I get Easter eggs at Easter?"
"Of course, if you are real good."
"But not so good as before Christmas, must I?"

NOT LOOKING FOR BARGAINS.

"Yes," said the society girl haughtily; "she's got a duke, all right."

"Why didn't you get one?"

"Oh, I never attended a remnant sale in my life."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE LAST HOPE GONE.

Upgardson—"Doesn't Weerius bore you nearly to death? He talks like a phonograph."

Atom—"Not at all. When a phonograph runs down it stops."—*Chicago Tribune.*

MUST IT COME TO THIS?

"Our new maid put wine-glasses on the breakfast-table."

"Did your wife reprimand her?"

"No; we don't want to hurt her feelings, so we have wine every morning for breakfast."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

He—"Pardon me, madam; I didn't see you."

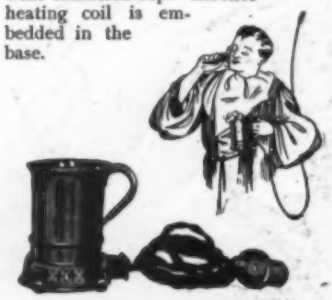
She (distressingly plump)—"Oh, my dear monsieur, you are so kind!"—*Transatlantic Tales.*

Two gifts that are sensible, practical and always welcome

Especially useful to travellers.—May be operated by attaching to any incandescent lamp socket. Flexible cord with attaching plugs are included.

FOR EVERY MAN who shaves, the electric shaving cup provides hot water quickly wherever electric current is available.

A practical rugged all-metal article with enameled cup. Electric heating coil is embedded in the base.



State voltage of your circuit.

FOR EVERY WOMAN who wears or cares for fine linen or laces, the small electric flatiron is indispensable.

A durable nickel-plated iron weighing 3 lbs. Thousands of these light electric flatirons are giving satisfactory service.

If you cannot obtain from local electric lighting company or dealer, your orders will be delivered promptly from factory on receipt of price.

Small electric iron, - $4.50
(State voltage required.)
Electric shaving cup, - 2.50

General Electric Company,
23 Power Bldg., Pittsfield, Mass.

TITLE ENTAILED.

"Uncle Amos, how did your boss acquire the title of colonel?"

"Dat goes wif de plantation, sah. All his ancesters wuz colonels befo' him, suh."—*Chicago Tribune.*

HAD LOOKED HIMSELF.

A man carrying a looking-glass said to a newsboy, "Come here and look into this glass, and you will see a donkey."

"How did you find that out?" retorted the boy.—*Tit-Bits.*

KNEW WHEREOF HE SPOKE.

First cat—"Hadn't we better move?"

Second cat—"Not the least danger, my dear. It's only a woman throwing things at us."—*The Circle.*

PROBABLY.

"Why is it you call money 'dough'?"
Asked a fair maiden of her beau;
And, grinning wide,
The youth replied,
"I guess because I knead it so."
—*Exchange.*

JOHN JAMESON
★ ★ ★
WHISKEY

First in popularity because first in quality.

Sole Agents
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
New York

TRADE MARK
R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO.
LUCKY STRIKE
RICH'D, VA.
Fragrant and Delicious
Does not Bite the Tongue

CURED by a secret process "LUCKY STRIKE" has a fragrance and charm all its own.

LUCKY STRIKE
Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

has the largest sale in the world. It smokes cool to the end without waste, and does not blow out of the bowl. For over fifty years the name "PATTERSON" on tobacco has been a guarantee of high quality.

Pocket Size, Tin Box, 10c.

You Will Find it Everywhere
Buy a Box Today

"ON EVERY TONGUE"

I. W. Harper Rye

Most Popular Because It's the Best

SOLD BY
Leading Dealers

Physicians frequently prescribe a pure old whiskey as an efficient tonic. For 50 years it has been an established fact that

Sunny Brook
THE PURE FOOD
Whiskey

is an ideal stimulant, possessing all the wholesome qualities that can only come from scientific distillation and careful ageing. Every bottle is sealed with the Government "Green Stamp" assuring full Age, Proof and Quantity. Ask for it.

Sunny Brook Distillery Co.
Jefferson Co., Ky.

NEW DISCOVERY.

Johnny—"Pa, the heaviest can never, at the same time, be the lightest, can it?"

Father—"No; certainly not."

Johnny—"Well, I've found that the heavy end of a match is the light end."—*Anaconda Standard.*

Intending purchasers of a STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS Piano, or Piano and Self-Player combined, should not fail to examine the merits of the world-renowned

SOHMER PIANOS

and the "SOHMER-CECILIAN" Inside Players, which surpass all others.
Catalogue mailed on application.
SOHMER & COMPANY, NEW YORK.
Warerooms: Cor. 5th Ave. 22d St.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

¶ Do you ever make investments in Wall Street securities? Do you ever buy or sell stocks or bonds? If so, do not fail to read "Jasper's Hints to Money-makers" every week in "Leslie's Weekly," in which questions regarding stocks and bonds are honestly and conservatively answered, and hints given as to the outlook in the stock market from week to week. This is the most reliable financial department published in the United States, and thousands have testified in writing that it has either made or saved them money.

¶ Buy a copy of "Leslie's Weekly" at your newsdealer's for ten cents, and see for yourself, or send in a three months' trial subscription to "Leslie's Weekly" for $1.00, which will give you the right to free answers to any questions regarding stocks and bonds which you may ask.

Address JUDGE COMPANY,
225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LAST DROP.

There was once a playwright who sat in the front row at the first night of a new piece of his own. This piece failed. It failed dreadfully. As the playwright sat, pale and sad, amid the hisses, a woman behind him leaned forward and said, "Excuse me, sir; but, knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty, at the beginning of the performance, of snipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me now to return it you."—*Exchange.*

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

"Colonel," said the reporter, "I am told that you once made a fortune in hay. Would you mind telling me the story?"

"The only foundation for the story, suh," responded Colonel Hankthunder, "is that I married a rich grass widow some years ago, and I can lick the man that sent you to ask me that question, begad, suh!"—*Daily Tribune.*

BATTERED HEROES.

"What do you suppose makes the girls go so wild over the football players in preference to other young men?"

"I suppose it's a woman's passion for remnants."—*Baltimore American.*

LEARNING BY OBSERVATION.

Mother—"Whatever are you doing to poor dolly, child?"

Child—"I'm just going to put her to bed, mummy. I've taken off her hair, but I can't get her teeth out."—*Illustrated Bits.*

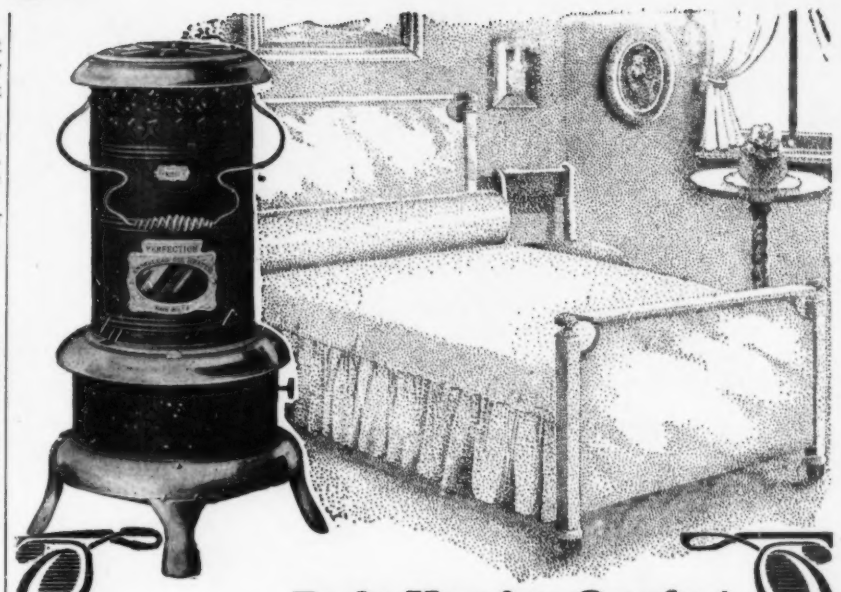
NO FAIRY-TALE.

The moral ground some men are found
To take is high enough;
But, after all, the highest ground
Is frequently a bluff.
—*Catholic Standard.*

COULDN'T LOCATE HIM.

Exuberant traveler—"By Jove! your face seems familiar. Where in hades have I met you?"

Unresponsive "chief"—"What part of hades do you come from, sir?"—*The Sketch.*



Early Morning Comfort

Open your sleeping-room windows—let in the crisp fresh air—what matters it if your room does get cold—you will sleep better and feel brighter in the morning. But your room need not be cold while dressing—a touch of a match and the welcome heat is radiating from the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

The Automatic Smokeless Device prevents all smoke and smell and makes it impossible to turn the wick too high or too low. Cleaned in a minute—burns 9 hours with one filling. Finished in Nickel or Japan. Every heater guaranteed.

The **Rayo** *Lamp* is the safest and best lamp for all-round household use. It is equipped with the latest improved central draft burner—gives a bright light at small cost. Absolutely safe. All parts easily cleaned. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Every lamp warranted. If you cannot get the Rayo Lamp and Perfection Heater from your dealer, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

A WHOLESOME INFLUENCE.

Old Santa Claus still makes a hit.
His efforts he will join
With Uncle Sam's, and help a bit
In circulating coin.
—*Washington Star.*

INCONVENIENT AT LEAST.

"You should sleep on your right side, madam."

"I really can't do it, doctor. My husband talks in his sleep, and I can't hear a thing with my left ear."—*Comic Cuts.*

CINCINNATI—5 DAILY TRAINS FROM NEW YORK AND BOSTON—NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

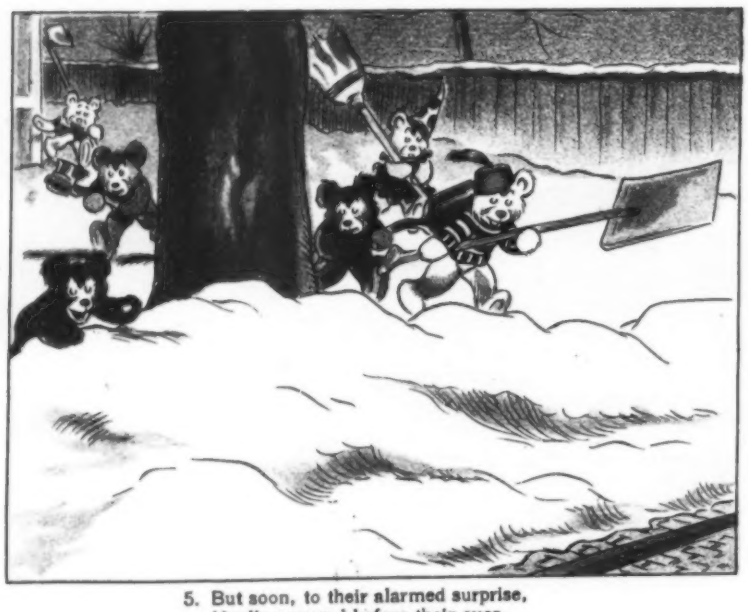
THOUGH JOHNNY HAS A LAUGH AT FIRST, THE TEDS LAUGH LAST, AND FIT TO BURST!

1. The Teddy Bears were hard at play
When Johnny chanced to pass that way.
They were so busy and intent
They never noticed where he went.

2. He aimed his snowballs very well,
And laughed because they couldn't tell
What enemy was lurking near.
It filled their little hearts with fear.

3. And while the Teds looked all around
Delighted Johnny stood his ground.
He didn't hear a distant hum,
Or see the trolley snow-plow come.

4. Before he'd time to run, alack!
The snow was whirling on his back.
And all the Teds, who saw him then,
Just laughed and laughed and laughed again.



5. But soon, to their alarmed surprise,
He disappeared before their eyes.
The snow was thrown in such a heap
That little John was buried deep.

6. The Teds, forgetting all the joke,
To the emergency awoke,
And soon dug out, with cries of joy,
A sadder and a wiser boy.

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 225 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK.

The First Series of the adventures of "Little Johnny and the Teddy Bears" is now ready in handsome book-form. Price, 60 cents. For sale by book-dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by Judge Company, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.